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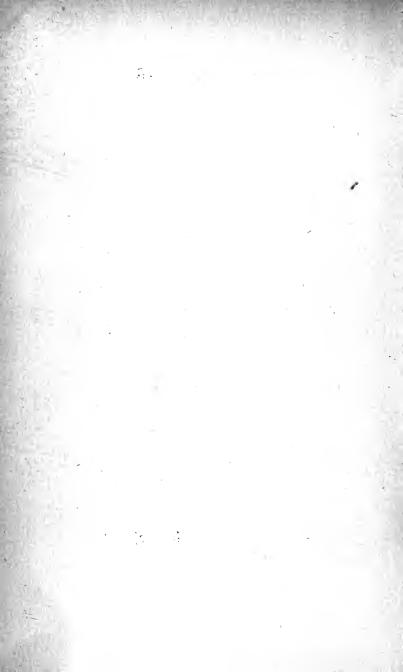
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# PREFATORY NOTE

About a third of the Poems in this volume were published in 1859, with other pieces, under the title, 'Io in Egypt, and other Poems.'



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# PRELUDE

Nor with ware of worth unladen, Sailed my bark in days of yore, When, seafarer bound for Aidenn, By the singing siren-maiden Tempted, I forsook the shore.

Waning day departed, wailing
Wild with rush of wind and rain;
Stress of storm and surge prevailing
Scourged the skiff and marred the sailing;
So to port we sped amain.

Much I mused, misdoubting whether More to fare on fickle sea; Sunny blaze and sullen weather, Breath of breeze and blast together, Chain as charm had woven for me.

Α

#### PRELUDE

But pure heaven with shadeless pleasure Smiles upon the moving blue; And the waves dance merry measure; And my boat stores novel treasure; And the Siren sings anew.

Trustful, then, in Powers presiding
O'er the chance of changeful main;
Wave from buoyant wave dividing,
Lightly with a heart confiding,
Launch the little bark again!

No palm-grove, green 'mid lion-coloured sands,

No forest-heaving mount, no river coiled Involving in clear silver fair champaigns, Saw Io, mad and dizzied vagabond, Full thirty days, so long the visible wrath Of Hera as a gad-fly followed her.

First from the awful pinnacle whereon,
Like a wrecked star, the lorn Prometheus lay,
Precipitated. Pine on pine was crashed;
Stone—dusty, fiery—bounded after stone;
The startled eagle's scream, a moment's
space,

Vanquished the clash of cataracts. Then on Through deep Armenia, where the baffled snow

Glares on the plenteous mulberry secure
In sheltering glens. Then headlong through
the still

Mesopotamia's plashed unbroken plain;

Then ever-hungering deserts, no man's land, By Syria and Arabia both disowned:

Till her strength failed her, and she fell at once,

Unwitting where.

Grey-cushioned on soft mist,
Fumed from broad fens, reposed the sullied
moon.

A slow stream nursed her image, as a weak, Down-couching mother holds her new-born babe

Up toward the father's face. Green curtainers,

The rigid reeds upstood, and tressy sedge Bathed in the water. Ever and anon The crocodile plunged stone-like; herded

Γhe crocodile plunged stone-like; herded bulks

Of tumbling, snorting hippopotami, Churned the smooth light, or, dripping as they rose,

Pashed the tall flowering marsh where Io slept.

She woke in sunlight. As an alchemist From crucible to chalice, Libya poured A molten flood on Egypt. Golden sheets Unbeaded by a bubble. Like a cloud

Ibis and pelican and feathery rose
Of flushed flamingo hovered o'er the stream.
Where the winged anguish? vanished! In
its stead

Stood mighty female forms, austerely proud In the calm grandeur of colossal limbs.

Linen their raiment, needle-wrought with

Linen their raiment, needle-wrought with gold,

Gold-cinctured, billowing on the bosom, sunk Decorous to the bulrush-sandalled feet. Braided the hair on each dark front serene, Jet-spiked by each smooth ear. Their almond eves

Dwelt mildly on the prostrate one, their hands

Shook silverly the sistrum while they said :-

'The land of refuge hails thee! Hera's frown

Melts in maternal Isis gravely mild.

Come, Io—Io, come—and be our queen.

The millet thickens, and the joyous vine Runs riot in the Mareotic marsh; The palm is doubly plumed, gourds doubly gild

The earth by Io gladdened with a queen.

I listened from the island in the Nile;
The waves were musical, the wheeling stars
Chimed in their courses, from the looming
fane

Lowed sacred Apis, and the voice of all Saluted Io coming to be queen.

A sound goes forth from Ethiopia;
The hills unlock their fountains, burdened clouds

Unsluice their murky waters, rills with rain Roll, rage and roar; soon Nile with mighty floods

Comes crowding on the land and blesses it—

More blest with Io coming to be queen.

The dusky faces swarm into the streets;
They wait for thee with leopards leashed in gold,

With ebon, ivory, frankincense, and myrrh. The cymbals clash around Amenophis Sole-sitting in his royal seat; his lords Look forth and hear him crying: "See ye aught

Of my dark sisters and my golden queen?""

Then went she with them. Through plains, water-like

With the green millet's glimmer; past the huts

Huddled in date-trees; where the sifted sand Locked the laborious foot, and cattle lay Cool in the shadow of the pyramid; Through avenues enormous, sphinx on sphinx, And pillared streets and shouting multitudes. So to the palace, niched with gilded forms Of god and sage, and bright with giant kings Warring for ever on the pictured frieze; Then the great court, awful with deities, Where pressed Amenophis his vivid throne, That seemed a golden glowing apple, rolled From the bent knees of his colossal gods.

# WINE AND SLEEP

Amid Cithaeron's wilderness, what time Ambiguous eve was brightening stars with shade,

I heard young Bacchus boasting, as, superb In languid pride and jovial indolence, He leaned against a plane-tree richly wed With vine at the Immortal's touch upgrown. Low-browed, with pulsing nostril and short lip,

And slackly muscular he leaned, a cup Idly on his plump finger balancing, And glorying thus he mocked the other Gods:

Apollo, Hermes, Hera, Cybele,
Poseidon, Aphrodite, Artemis,
And very majesty of Zeus, look down,
And say where ye descry your worshippers.
Cold flaky ashes choke the relic brand,
Unbutchered lows the steer, neglected droops
The chaplet interwoven with pale webs.

#### WINE AND SLEEP

For that the cities and the villages
Are void of those who worshipped erst, but
now,

Evöe-shrieking, thyrsus-brandishing, Grape-maddened, roam Cithaeron's wilds with me,

The youngest and the mightiest of the Gods.

Thus vaunting, he strode forth, and with proud glance

Surveyed his retinue, but instantly
Contentment fled him, and he flushed with
wrath.

'Ware of the presence of a mightier God; For all the Maenads lay subdued by Sleep. Careless in flowing attitudes, like streams Of living beauty poured and serpenting, They lay on bunches of crushed grapes, or coils

Of limber ivy, delicate of leaf,
Blent with the thyrsus, the empurpled bowl,
And copious tresses' prodigality.
The deadly beauty of the leopardess
Slumbered among them, tawnier for the milk
Of their smooth limbs, blunt head and dainty
paw

Entangled in the wreaths, and, carried long

#### WINE AND SLEEP

In frenzy, the loosed serpent stole away.

And Bacchus raised his hand as if to grasp
His ivy crown, and hurl it 'mid the troop:
When lo! his hand met poppies, and his lips
Inbreathed a fume more odorous than the
sweet

Of saturated wine-jars long immured

And fresh unsealed. Swimming, his eyeball thrice

Circuited the moist oval of his eye,
Then sank, and his drowsed hand dismissed
the cup;

And as a poured libation bubbles, creams, Then melts into the sod, so were his limbs Convulsed, composed, and as the wavering fall

Of a shed rose-leaf on a windless noon,
Such was his mild declension to the earth.
There, undulant yet moveless, low he lay,
The youngest and the loveliest of the Gods.
And then a cloud eclipsed Cithaeron's snow,
And issuing thunder boomed, big with the
bland

And sovran laughter of supremest Zeus.

# THE SEA OF SOUL

Writ vast Creation o'er
By heavenly hand behold the precept true;
Lock not the abounding store
With niggard heart and poor;
Give, that it may be given unto you.

The rich sun not in vain

Feeds on his own great heart of living light:

The planets' shining train

By his their state sustain,

And by his fire's decrease the moon burns

bright.

The black cloud tempest-sped,
Showering its silver on the barren sea,
Gives life unto the dead
When drops so wildly shed
Come back in happy rain to comfort flower
and tree.

#### THE SEA OF SOUL

All energy and rest,
All interchange of shadow or of shine,
Are blended and are blest
In mutual interest.
Should not the lot of all things else be mine?

Sunlike my spirit burns,
Lavish of light for mortal need amassed;
It leaves me, nor returns,
No stars in golden urns
Gather the brightness that from me hath past.

For Penury and Pain
Medicine I know, and Sorrow I can cheer;
But Sympathy's sweet rain
Visiteth not again
The source it fled, and my own heart is sere.

Sore though the lip might chide,
One little kiss of Love had made it dumb.
I deemed we walked allied;
I called him to my side;
Gone was he not, for he had never come.

#### THE SEA OF SOUL

Tears streaming inwardly,
Thoughts misbegot and perishing alone:—
Can like abortion be
By Nature's alchemy
Wrought to a solace for the souls unknown?

Hath not Mind substance? rare,
But true as those twin oceans Space reveals,
Bright water and soft air?
Whereof, touched anywhere,
The whole mass thrills, and every atom feels.

Cast then, of man unheard,
Into that sea of soul thy secret sigh:
Billow by billow stirred
Swells with the tongueless word,
And the far deeps have knowledge and reply.

If such be Being's bent,
I, wronged in nought, no more will idly rue,
Nor more, my discontent
Soothing with sweet lament,
Linger beside my grief, as now I do.

'Twas when the loitering eves of idle June Like breezeless barks went slow and drowsy by

And Vesper kindled, and the mellowing moon Stood out distinct against the deep-blue sky, And the sun's wake, though he had vanished

quite,

Edged half the sultry heaven with orange light—

Then, as a prisoned bird that will not sing Anothersong than erst the woodland taught, Where once she roved with free unfearful wing,

So Melusina would not chant of aught But the still rivers, and of what may be Locked in the deep illimitable sea.

And so her songs were fair with fairest shapes Of Nixes that in reedy rivers roam,

And those that haunt the billow-beaten capes, Flinging white arms around the flashing foam,

And those that aim their music and their smiles

At seamen shallop-borne past purple isles.

She sang of the strange flowers that ever thrust

Their blooms up towards the heaven they ne'er behold,

And caves where pearls lie prodigal as dust, And spars of veering violet and gold, And constant shells that evermore retain The moody music of the murmuring main.

The glowing woof of her bright songs portrayed

Great Neptune awful in the majesty
Of his vast amber palace, pearl-inlaid,
Domed with that mighty emerald, the
sea;

Or shining on his kingdoms like a star, As brine-born coursers snorted in his car.

Also she chanted of the faëry pride Of Amphitrite rising on the sea,

When moonbeams kiss it, and the mounting tide

Wantons beneath the argent luxury.

On dolphins' backs the harping Nymphs are borne,

The Tritons swim, and blow upon the horn.

Nor did she shun to tell of those who kiss

The wandering corpse, and bear it to the caves

Lonely and deep, where tempest never is, Nor any passion in the quiet waves;

But sweet low ripples stir with languid tone,

And with their voice the spirit blends her own:—

'Sleep, chilly form, and evermore forget
If thou hadst any wife or children dear,
Or friendly cheek that haply may be wet,
Or eyelash silvered with a growing tear;
Soothed to a dumb unalterable rest,
With quiet folded round thee like a vest.

'The savage wind that vexed thee with its strife,

The treacherous wave that rose and whelmed thy prow—

How gladly would they lay their troubled life Adown, and rest them here, and be as thou! Repose for years untold they roam to find, And still are weary wave and weary wind.'

As one who with a buried lover's ghost
Walks, while the white moon wanders up
the sky,

And in the shadowy kisses joys almost
As much as though the living Love were by,
Her yearning spirit did she half appease
With such vague dreams and dim remembrances.

# EVEN-STAR

FIRST-BORN and final relic of the night,
I dwell aloof in dim immensity;
The grey sky sparkles with my fairy light;
I mix among the dancers of the sea;
Yet stoop not from the throne I must retain
High o'er the silver sources of the rain.

Vicissitude I know not, nor can know, Yet much discern strewed everywhere around;

The ever-stirring race of men below

Much do I watch, and wish I were not
bound

The chainless captive of this lonely spot, Where light-winged Mutability is not.

I see great cities rise, which being hoar Are slowly rendered unto dust again; And roaring billows preying on the shore; And virgin isles ascending from the main;

## EVEN-STAR

The passing wave of the perpetual river; And men depart, and man remaining ever.

The upturned eyes of many a mortal maid Glass me in gathering tears, soon kissed away;

Then walks she for a space, and then is laid Swelling the bosom of the quiet clay. I muse what this all-kindling Love may be, And what this Death that never comes to me.

]

The Sicilian Octave described and exemplified.

To thee, fair isle, Italia's satellite,
Italian harps their native measures lend;
Yet, wooing sweet diversity, not quite
Thy octaves with Italia's octave blend;
Six streaming lines amass the arrowy might
In hers, one cataract couplet doth expend;
Thine lakewise widens, level in the light,
And like to its beginning is its end.

II

The blade, unbuckled from the warrior's side, Hath oft-times fought against its former lord;

And oft the eagle's blood an arrow dyed,
Plumed from the very wing wherewith he
soared;

And oft, to have on other hearts relied,

The heart has late and bitterly deplored;

But I will make my constancy my pride,

And worship aye where I have once adored.

## ш

As when a prophet rapt unto the skies, Remanded then to earth, for pledge doth claim

Some leaf new plucked from groves of Paradise,

Or gem imbued with no terrestrial flame, Lest, when at length the disenchanted eyes Ope on the wonted world, his heart grow tame

And sceptic of its own high histories; Thus only doth the Poet covet Fame.

#### IV

Spring's ravished blossoms garment not the blast;

Not for its wrecks doth Ocean statelier roll; The Roman glutton's nightingale repast Did ne'er one lip to melody control;

Thou wilt not, moth, be Psyche at the last For fretting Beauty's silk and Learning's scroll;

But what is so unprofitably cast
As lovely form around a loveless soul?

v

The mightiest sea its times of ebbing knows;
The purest flame hath smoke and ashes wan;
The butterfly a reptile's youth; the rose
An earthy root; a heavy flight the swan;
The sabre is not all an edge; nor grows
The almond with the almond-bloom; upon
Damascus in her orchards frown the snows
Indissolubly heaped on Lebanon.

## VΙ

Philosophy, first of God-given things,

How vain his thought whoever would
contrive

To blend thy lamp-oil with Castalian springs, And make Minerva with Apollo wive!

Glad carols who spontaneously sings
Seeks not their school who meditate and
strive;

Which were as though the rose should put on wings,

And go to gather sweetness at the hive.

#### VII

'Tis heaven to learn thy lot no longer crost;

'Tis hell to know it raised o'er mine so far;
If the sweet fellowship of fate be lost,

Not all the Gods can keep us as we are;
If they in sooth can stay the spirit's frost,

Then welcome jealousy, and ire, and jar;
Better Love's bark on desperate billows tost

Than sailing safely by another's star.

#### VIII

To thee 'tis pleasure, haply, to have brought Home costly ware from Ormus or Japan; And thine, when long and keen pursuit has caught Strange bird, or Psyche gay with veinèd

fan;

And thine, to spell some sentence, wisdomfraught,

In palimpsest or Arab alcoran;

And mine, to seize some rare and coloured thought,

And cage it in my verse Sicilian.

(PORTUGUESE LEGEND)

A FARMER tilled his plot 'mid waste and wild; One daughter dwelt with him, his only child; And one man-servant did he entertain.

It fortuned on a day of wind and rain A stranger lighted down his door beside, And entered, and entreated for a guide: 'For I,' he urged, 'come hither from Brazil, Bearing great store of gold, and it were ill To chance on robbers in this solitude.'

'Give,' quoth the churl, not proffering drink or food, 'And this my hind shall help thee to thy way.'

And so it was, but when at close of day The knave returned, he rode the stranger's horse,

And, 'Master,' said he, 'let us two discourse, For I have somewhat for thy private ear.'

'I hearken, speak.'

'Thy daughter I hold dear, And, an thou wilt, to marry her am fain.'

Varlet, what drunkenness hath crazed thy brain?

By Heaven! but thou shouldst taste of whip and thong,

Hadst thou not served me faithfully and long.'

'Dear master,' said the servant, 'not so hot;

For know that in a solitary spot I fell upon thy guest, and smote him dead, And in the forest he lies burièd, And mine is every ingot and doubloon.'

'Ha!' quoth his lord, 'that chimes another tune:

My daughter's troth is thine, thou good young man;

Yet must thou go where this American Thou hast disposed of, in the ground is laid, And thrice and four times call upon his shade, And ask of it what interval may be Ere vengeance for this blood shall visit thee.'

All joyous to the spot the murderer hied, And as his lord commanded him he cried, And shivered as there smote upon his ears The sepulchre's deep answer, 'Thirty years.'

'Good,' spake the sire, 'my daughter thou may'st wed, For ere the thirty years I shall be dead.'

Yet lived he on, and when the thirty years Were all-accomplished, came two wanderers; And he, with unaccustomed kindness, said, 'Let them come in and sup, and have a bed.'

They entered then, but with a careless gait Striding, one fellow kicked against a crate Of country-stuff upon the floor, and broke An egg. And when he saw the running yolk That ancient sire began to rail and swear.

'Sir,' said the tramp, 'make not this thing For though I roam the country-side and beg,

Yet certes I can pay you for an egg.'

'Pish for the egg,' he said, 'but well I see That Fortune's wheel is turning back with me.

'Tis thirty years I gave my child her spouse, And since have I inhabited this house In plenty, with my daughter and my son; These thirty years no deed of mercy done; These thirty years known no minutest cross, This shattered egg my solitary loss; And now I harbour him who comes to beg, And presently am poorer by an egg.'

Yet had the men their supper and their bed, And when the house was still, one whispering said,

'Art thou asleep?'

'Asleep! In faith not I.
I am not brave enough to shut an eye
Where thirty years no kindness hath been
shown,

Or any grief or spite of fortune known, Save for a broken egg. Upon the sand This house is builded, and it will not stand.'

'Too late another lodging-place to try.'

'No matter, let us sleep beneath the sky;

That will not fall upon our heads.'

So they

Stole forth, and in the open country lay.

An old wall sheltered them, as best it might. They slept, but soon upstarted in affright. With one loud ruin all the country rung; Trembling, each closer to his fellow clung, Till, scarce emboldened by the breaking day, Fearful and eager they bent back their way To mark the manner of that mansion's fall; But earth had swallowed and devoured it all. Inmates and house had gone into the pit, And nothing more was seen of them or it.

YES, Cara mine, I know that I shall stand
Upon the seashore soon,
And watch the waves that die upon the
strand,
And the immortal moon.

One mew will hover 'mid the drowsy damp That clogs the breezes there, One star suspend her solitary lamp, High in the viewless air.

My straining eyes will mark a distant oar, Grazing the supple sea, And a light pinnace speeding to the shore, And in it thou wilt be.

The empty veins with life no more are warm,
The eyes no longer shine,
The pale star gazes through the pallid form,
What matter? thou art mine.

The Love which, while it walked the earth, could meet

No place to lay its head,

Now reigns unchallenged in the windingsheet,

Nor fears its kindred dead.

For Love dwells with the dead, though more sedate,

Chastened, and mild it seems;

While Avarice, Envy, Jealousy, and Hate, With them are only dreams.

I step into the boat, our steady prore Furrows the still moonlight;

The sea is merry with our plashing oar, With our quick rudder white.

No word has passed thy lips, but yet I know Well where our course will be;

We leave the worn-out world—is it not so?—
The uncorrupted sea

To cross, and gain some isle in whose sweet shade

Even Slavery is free;

And careless Care on smoothest rose-leaves laid Becomes Tranquillity.

Far, far the haunts where, robed in gory weeds,

Grim War his court doth hold,

And mumbling Superstition counts his beads, And Avarice his gold.

But Love and Death, the comrades and the twins,

Uninterrupted reign;

Where is it that one ends and one begins?

And are they one or twain?

And all is like thy soul, pensive and fair, Veiled in a shadowy dress,

And strewn with gems more rich were they more rare,

And steeped in balminess.

No drossy shape of earthliness appears
On the phantastic coast,

No grosser sound strikes the attuned ears, Than footfall of a ghost.

Seclusion, quiet, silence, slumber, dreams, No murmur of a breath;

The same still image on the same still streams, Of Love caressing Death.

So let us hasten, Love! Our steady prore Furrows the still moonlight;
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,
With our quick rudder white.

# MORE

To-day I am a beggar poor, And pitiful to see, And take my staff across the moor, And come, dear heart, to thee,

And knock at thy beloved door,—
What wilt thou give to me?
Take of the shining silver—more
I cannot give to thee.

Of paltry silver, pale and poor, Give not, my Love, to me. See, here is gold, a little store, Yet will I give to thee.

'Twas not the ruddy gold could bring Me praying to thy door. Take then this little true-love ring, And ask me for no more.

Fair is the dainty golden band,
And yet must I implore.
Then with the ring behold the hand;
How can I give thee more?

# BY TROPIC SHORES

By tropic shores the swallow sits, Or with uneasy wing From headland unto headland flits, And chides the lagging Spring.

Stream forth, thou warm south-west, and waft

Us quickening breath anew, And soon the bird, a feathery shaft, Shall gleam in English blue.

For greenness waits the barren grove, For warmth his sunny song
The lark delays, I mine for love.
How long, O Love, how long?

TIME, I know, is ruler, and Change almighty; Youths become the old, and the aged corpses, Corpses worms, worms dust, and the Mausoleum's

Self a tradition.

Be this thought but thought, and a pallor blanches

Bridal cheeks, and kisses of fire are frozen, Swiftest blood is stayed, and alone thou smilest

Blithe and undaunted,

Who, secluse, a serious priest of Pallas, Daily, nightly, patient accumulatest Lore on lore, with gradual toil perfecting Knowledge to wisdom.

Or who, holy, chapleted, Art's disciple, Rapt in earthless glow and aspiring, ever, Building, limning, sculpturing, singing, godlike

Beauty begettest.

Pomp and state to billowy corn I liken, Random-sown, and reaped in its golden season,

Youth to roses,—are ye not, Art and Wisdom, Laurel and ivy?

Thus I spoke in fervour, insanely deeming Blunt the scythe of Time, and his glass retarded,

When, scarce breathed, stole sorrowful accents, 'Say then,

Are we remembered?

We who erst, fleet-winged with desire ecstatic,

Fled the lips, and over the soul of Sappho Hung sublime, loud larks in the blaze of æther

Panting and pouring

Fiery-hearted strains, which, as eyes of eagles Gaze alone on noonday intenseness, only Gods might hear serene, nor be rapt and rave with

Frenzy delicious.

Tell us where—thou canst not!—a youth, a maiden

Plumes the eager lip with our lyric pinions. Cry the hearts aloud in our grasp, like swallows Snatched by the falcon?

Dead the lark of Lesbos, the swan of Leucas, Chill disurned Helicon's fountain chanteth Song of ours no more, neither do the planes of Attica hear us.

Scrolless, Museless, bodiless, lyreless, lipless, Empty shade are we, and an idle rumour, Rich Oblivion's trophy—How then call'st Art and

Beauty immortal?'

Voices dear, I pray ye by Hippocrene, By the cliffs, the vines, and the rills of Lesbos, By this heart's vibration I pray ye, spare my Beautiful vision,

Spare my one poor raft in a world of waters! Changed, not silent I deem ye yet, the ample Earth your home, not scrolls, and the voice of Nature's

Self your expression.

When, each wave a separate leap of brightness, Glitters far-spread Ocean, or roaring renders Thunder dumb, or strays with a sweet encroachment

Over the beaches:

When the tune of winds, and the bird's recital

Blend in vale, in thicket—O let me deem then

Birds and winds thy harps, and that Ocean peals thy
Harmony, Sappho.

# THE FRIEND OF GREECE

βασιλεως μεγαλου 'Αρσακου φιλελληνος.

Inscription on a Parthian coin.

The friend of Greece! Fair fall the mould That veiled thy stater's glittering
So long, to gleam forth now and hold
Our bosoms linked with thine, thou old
Barbaric king!

A thousand thousand such thy mint Hath fashioned. In thy treasury The classic stamp and splendid tint Didst scan well-pleased, without a hint That one should be

The last retirement of thy name,
Who didst a despot-law enjoin
On slaves, the knee once bowed so tame
Thy equal now, and all thy fame
This little coin?

## THE FRIEND OF GREECE

Did Ormus bend to thee, and they Of Colchis? Did thy arrow strike The Indian, owned the Scyth thy sway? We nought can know, and careless say, 'Tis very like.

This only know we, did thine blaze A conqueror's sword, or not, 'tis rust! If ever hosts, to win thee praise, Contended, then their feet did raise More lasting dust.

So far apart thy race was run,
Thy very shade half seems to be
The spectre of another sun,
But Greece! the word is union
For us and thee.

The friend of Greece! Then friend wert thou
To sacred Art and all her train,
The marble life, the Picture's glow,
And Music and the overflow
Of lyric strain.

The friend of Greece! Then where of old Anarchic Licence charioteered Curbless, and famished Rapine rolled. Forth hordes athirst for blood and gold, Thou wouldst have reared

## THE FRIEND OF GREECE

The Muse and Pallas shrines secure, Made Themis awful in her hall, And life a boon God-worthy, sure, Exalted, comely, cheerful, pure, And rhythmical.

The friend of Greece! Fate should have let Thee breathe ere yet a Greek could blush For aught but love or anger! Set Her sun for thee! though lingering yet A heavenly flush.

Yes! beautiful before thee lay
Inanimate Antiquity.
Too late for life, yet for decay
Too soon, thou viewedst her. We have clay
And memory!

And lips which haply, do we wend
Mid the cold tombs of grace antique,
May with Hellenic accents blend
Thy Parthian name, and call thee friend,
Friend of the Greek!

# UNBLEST, DISCOMFORTABLE THING

Unblest, discomfortable thing, Bowed languid shape of slow-eyed Grief, Why com'st thou hand in hand with Spring, Not sere with Autumn's pining leaf?

If there were dimness in the green, And dankness in the clammy mould, And silence where the birds had been, And in the air a subtle cold,

And paleness in the mid-day beams: If the low clouds had rents and gaps Torn by sharp winds, and misty steams Concealed the river's silver lapse,

Then might I confidently meet Nature abroad, nor need to sue, But with my heart her heart would greet, And we should talk as kindred do.

## UNBLEST, DISCOMFORTABLE THING

For Grief beside the mirror grows Stiller and milder more and more; And Comfort is of wedded woes The offspring and inheritor.

But will she hear complaint of mine To whom her birds are singing all, Whose April tears in sunburst shine An instant, dry before they fall?

Ye streams for wintry ice more deep, Ye hanging fields of heavenly blue, Ye birds that build, ye lambs that leap, O what has Grief to do with you?

# RONDEL

When lingering Love belated came,
And found the willing spirit young,
Day's heaven was all an airy flame,
To skies of Night a sunshine clung,
O'er wild and waste a charm was flung.
Earth was not earth, or sea the same
When lingering Love belated came,
And found the willing spirit young.

And now, though fires of Love be tame,
And songs of Love no more be sung,
Be patient, heart, nor idly blame
The lip unkissed, the lyre unstrung.
Lingering he went who lingering came,
And left the soul for ever young.

# NAUSICAA

COME, thou old seaman, in my father's ships Nurtured and blanched, come, take me to the beach,

And, while the white town slumbers in the moon,

Teach me the rudder's governance, and sail's, And all the dexterous usage of the oar.

For all my heart is with the oars and sails, And whatsoever stirreth in the deep, Vessel or fish, or wing of dipping bird, Or drifted weed, and most of all itself, The lone vast deep, the lone lamenting deep, Wherewith no man abideth but the dead; Therefore it moans, as one itself divides With desolate surge forlornly from his love.

Thus moaning for my love to comfort me (My love, ah! I not his, hence all the pang!),—I stray amid these orchards, like a blast

#### NAUSICAA

Upbraiding all the mellow opulence
Of purple-draped Opora. Through the
bowers

Rings many a blithesome challenge, and anon, The ball's fleet bound attains my foot, there rests;

While to the strained ear cleaves the inbended hand,

And feeds it with far music from the sea.

I cannot bear this evil any more, Teach me, again I pray, the art that comes Of wrestling with the lithe Protean sea. Then, some night, while these cliffs and

feathery trees

Spread the deep bay with shadow, ere the moon Surmounts them with her lamp, I will be here,

Stand at the boat's prow, hallow the salt wave With sacrifice, then with a timorous oar Wrinkling the liquid darkness, urge myself Out on the bitter waste of death that hems My little isle of life, look where I may. For of three things the one, either I find My Ithacan, my royal mariner, Safe sceptred with the grey Penelope; Then will I sue and serve her, spinning out

## NAUSICAA

My heartstrings with her wool, until I die. Or haply he has perished, and I crowd Long anguish into momentary death. Or liker, veers the blast, fills the frail bark, And o'er it mourns the sorrow of the sea.

# THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN

FORTY Viziers saw I go Up to the Seraglio, Burning, each and every man, For the fair Circassian.

Ere the morn had disappeared, Every Vizier wore a beard; Ere the afternoon was born, Every Vizier came back shorn.

'Let the man that woos to win Woo with an unhairy chin;'
Thus she said, and as she bid
Each devoted Vizier did.

From the beards a cord she made Looped it to the balustrade, Glided down and went away To her own Circassia.

## THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN

When the Sultan heard, waxed he Somewhat wroth, and presently In the noose themselves did lend Every Vizier did suspend.

Sages all, this rhyme who read, Guard your beards with prudent heed, And beware the wily plans Of the fair Circassians.

# UNDER THE COCOA

In palaces and peopled marts
I mingled where the many press;
I proved and weighed the hollow hearts,
And all was waste and emptiness.

I broke the peremptory bars,
I steered where blue Pacific smiles,
Lifting a languid wave, and stars
Vast deeps with constellated isles.

I watched my boat consume, moored high, With gushing sparks and quivering heat; My eye beheld another's eye, Against my heart another beat.

The white foam boiled along the reef,
The moon was mated with a cloud,
The palm-tree streaked with shadowy leaf
That dusky maiden singing loud:—

'I asked Atua what to do
With the strange pair from o'er the sea,
The strange man and the strange canoe,
And thus the God has counselled me.'

# A PERSIAN'S THOUGHT

# A PERSIAN'S THOUGHT

Astronomer, O tell me why Yon stars that throb in upper sky, And with such fires its vault begem, As though one torch had kindled them—

Why do they, trembling, pale in air, Humble as though abased in prayer, When far from Dawn the Dusk is driven, Or moonlight floods nocturnal heaven?

'Tis that their spirits recognise In Sun and Moon their deities, The shining ideality Of all they would and may not be.

# MY BLOOD IS WARM

My blood is warm and I would be blithe, But I hear pale Death whetting his scythe; He whets his scythe and whirls it round, Cutting the flowers from the coloured ground. The beautiful flowers! how fast they fall! And the fairest and freshest are first of all.

And I am pale, paler than he,
For my mind misdoubts he has cut down thee,
Thou loveliest flower not seen but known,
Planted and nurtured for me alone
On some far bank where one might lie
Touching the blue-bells tenderly.
Thy image groweth and bloweth still
In the deep soul invisible.
But I search the wind that wandereth
Lest it be sweet with thy failing breath,
And vex the bee with questioning,
And hardly suffer the finch to sing,
Lest she pipe on the grievous spot
Where thou hast been, and art not.

# ÆGISTHUS

What ails the weak unhappy breeze
That ceaselessly it wanders on,
And sorrows like the soul that sees
An evil waiting to be done?
The shed leaf whirls, the tree is bowed,
Faint lines the lake's sereneness mar,
And slowly falls a veil of cloud
On Heaven's solitary star.

The moon is buried far away,
No meteor flies with fiery trace
Past Night's slow car, nor any ray
Will fire thy pale resolved face.
Unveil! ere Morn's accusing flush
Smites splendour from the eastern sea—
Then, if the innocent heavens can blush,
O what a visage thine should be!

There are no ghosts—or all the dead I ever loved were surely here
To snatch the slumberer from his bed,
To wrest the dagger from my fear.

## ÆGISTHUS

His sleep is sound—would it were light!

O had his age a giant's stress!

Thou art my soul's insane delight,

O would thou wert my murderess!

## A NOCTURN

KEEN winds of cloud and vaporous drift Disrobe yon star, as ghosts that lift A snowy curtain from its place, To scan a pillowed beauty's face.

They see her slumbering splendours lie Bedded on blue unfathomed sky, And swoon for love and deep delight, And stillness falls on all the night.

## A LITTLE IDLE SONG

Within my fancy floats
A little idle song:
O listen to the notes!
They will not keep thee long.

I seek not to complain
Of guile and banished peace;
Legitimate the strain,
But O, when would it cease?

I sing of happy fires,
Of gladness and belief;
So short a bliss requires
A melody as brief.

## THE KELPIE AND THE WRECKER

THE pale and ancient moon is weeping
Her cheek more pale on the wild night-sky,
Like a hunted thing the gust comes leaping,
Snatching a bough as it hurries by.

The fierce old ocean booms and hammers,
And casts its spray to the sea-gull's lair:
She shrieks in her dream, and the hoarse
shrill clamours
Of all drowned seamen cry with her.

The lighthouse brands the waves that, yelling, Start up red in the far-flung glow, But the hut above is the Wrecker's dwelling, The Kelpie bides in the cave below.

One night the flash of the Wrecker's pistol Shall kindle fire where fires betray, And the Kelpie flit to the dome of crystal, And blow the faithful light away.

#### THE KELPIE AND THE WRECKER

Woe to stout ship and seaman merry!
Woe to the maid with wondrous hair,
Whose limbs the Kelpie's grot shall bury,
Whose gems the Wrecker's wife shall wear!

#### THE PHILTRE

## THE PHILTRE

- WITCH-POWDER, glowing crimson in this crystal-shining flask,
- How wilt thou work my bidding, how give me what I ask?
- When thou blushest in the ruby of the royal wine he drains,
- When thou speed'st a redder surging through the lab'rinth of his veins,
- By what thrill of fiery impulse shall his passion be approved?
- What sign shall tell he loves me, even like as I have loved?
- Will he rise up proud and burning with a burst of sudden light,
- Like the aloe robed and gorgeous with the magic of a night?

#### THE PHILTRE

Will he droop in pale declining, with tearfulness opprest,

Like the lily when the rain-pearl has stolen to her breast?

Will he come to me securely, and kiss without a word?

Or the eye alone acknowledge how the silent heart is stirred?

Will his bosom heave and stifle with a voice ununderstood?

Will he catch my hand and press it, till the snow is fire and blood?

Blood is burned up, snow is melted, fire is billowing night and day—

Pour thyself on me, Belovèd, quench me ere I burn away!

# THE VIOLET TO THE NIGHTINGALE

No longer fair, no longer sweet, I parch and pine with noonday heat; Another day, perhaps an hour, And I shall be no more a flower.

Thou, happy bird, when flowers decay, But spread'st thy pinions, and away, And India's palmy groves, ere long, Are loud with thy immortal song.

When with her soundless silver chain The moon has fettered mount and plain, And not a cloud her splendour mars, For she has kissed them all to stars:

When lissom fawn and antelope In covert dell, on cedared slope Couch, or with bounding feet disturb The dew asleep on every herb:

### THE VIOLET TO THE NIGHTINGALE

When thousand lines of light invest The lotus trembling on the breast Of the great stream that seeks the sea, Then wilt thou sing. O sing of me!

So shall the gorgeous flowers that swoon All languid 'neath that lavish moon Know, in thy sweet enchanted strain, Their sister of the English lane.

How, lured by Spring's soft-falling feet, She stole forth from her deep retreat, Her nurse wild March of boisterous breath, April her spouse, and May her death.

All day she made her upward eye The mirror of the azure sky, All night she slept in glittering dew, And dreamed her morning longings true.

Come back in Spring, then wilt thou see Some other flower in room of me; And as to me, to her wilt sing Of thy long Eastern wandering.

#### A MELODY

## A MELODY

The snow falls fast upon the wave,
And is no more.
The silver swan glides o'er its grave
Unheeding, and the wild fowl lave
Their plumes along the shore.

The buoyant lily does not see
The dead abound
About its roots, but silently
Grows up in beauty, and the be
Booms all around.

## ELFIN FOLK

(ROUMANIAN)

'SISTER, they say that in this dell The gamesome elfin-people dwell, And seize the maids that gathering stray, And pluck their strawberries away.

'And furthermore 'tis credited'
They kiss their lips to ruby red.
Why are thy lips so red? tell me,
And where thy strawberries may be?'

'Sister, our mother oft has told
That elvish folk, alert and bold,
Lurk in this darkling dell for hours
To pounce on maids that come for flowers,

'And spoil them merrily of these, And of their chains and necklaces— Where are thy flowers? I fain would know, And where thy string of pearls also?'

The maidens laugh, and look so sly!

Down in the glen two youths I spy,—

One strawberries holds, and one, more vain,

Loops to his belt a pearly chain.

## THE MERMAID OF PADSTOW

It is long Tom Yeo of the town of Padstow, And he is a ne'er-do-weel:

'Ho, mates,' cries he, 'rejoice with me, For I have shot a seal.'

Nay, Tom, by the mass thou art but an ass,
No seal bestains this foam;

But the long ways rells up a Marrosi l'a also

But the long wave rolls up a Mermaid's glass And a young Mermaiden's comb.

The sun has set, the night-clouds throng, The sea is steely grey.

They hear the dying Mermaid's song Peal from the outer bay.

'A curse with you go, ye men of Padstow! Ye shall not thrive or win,

Ye have seen the last ship from your haven slip,

And the last ship enter in.

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#### THE MERMAID OF PADSTOW

'For this deed I devote you to dwell without boat

By the skirt of the oarèd blue, And ever be passed by sail and by mast, And none with an errand for you.'

And scarce had she spoke when the black storm broke

With thunder and levin's might:
Three days did it blow, and none in Padstow
Could tell the day from night.

Joy! the far thunder mutters soft, The wild clouds whirl o'erhead, And from a ragged rift aloft A shaft of light is sped.

Now ho for him that waits to send The storm-bound bark to sea! And ho for them that hither bend To crowd our busy quay!

Hath Ocean, think ye then, not heard His dying child deplore? Are not his sandy deeps upstirred, And thrust against the shore?

#### THE MERMAID OF PADSTOW

Doth not a mighty ramp of sand Beleaguer all the bay, Mocking the strength of mortal hand To pierce or sweep away?

The white-winged traders, all about, Fare o'er that bar to win:
But this one cries, I cannot out,
And that, I may not in.

For thy dire woe, forlorn Padstow, What remedy may be?
Not all the brine of thy sad eyne
Will float thy ships to sea.

The sighs that from thy seamen pass
Might set a fleet a-sail,
And the faces that look in the Mermaid's glass
Are as long as the Mermaid's tail.

#### SEVEN DEVILS

## SEVEN DEVILS

Alas for Adam's brittle clay
And progeny of evils!
O daughter mine, the people say
That you have seven devils.
Yes, holy father, such is the fact,
Never was sinner so sorely attacked.
Seven huge demons of habits erratic
Range through my spirit from cellar to attic.
They have got all the keys, they do just as they please.

They cry, 'Give us a back,' when I go on

my knees.

Now like leopards they leap, now like greyhounds they run,

Now sit mute as bears that are munching a bun,

Whisking their tails and full of fun.

Jolly companions every one.

#### SEVEN DEVILS

O daughter mine, this will not do!
Daughter, this may not be!
But how I'm to deliver you
I don't exactly see.

What rite, what relic, what prayer, what pang, Will scatter 'em or scare 'em?

Shall I curse them out of the Höllenzwang?
Or the Malleus Maleficarum?

Not either, good father. If cursing would do,

I could curse them myself, and much better than you.

When Christ o'erthrew the demons' sway
In Mary Magdalen,
He chided not the fiends away,
He led an angel in.

The demons wax dull as her brightness prevails,

They blink hard, they cover their eyes with their tails,

They make for the door, they are heard of no more,

Save one of them only, an obstinate bore, Who crept, or who crawled, back, and said, 'I have called

#### SEVEN DEVILS

(Excuse, charming Angel, the freedom I take), For a parcel of brimstone left here by mistake.'

To save me from the demons' claws,
O father, teach me how to love
Some glad pursuit, some glorious cause,
Some heart below, some hope above.
Art, with her statue and her song,
Science, with rapt regarding eye,
The People, with its woe and wrong,
Or anything that is not I.
Else fracture not the fetter
That binds me to demon and elf,
For a fiendish mate is better
Than man that is mate to himself.

# THE HARPY AND THE PANDARIDE

#### THE HARPY

THE mead and honey, day by day
By Gods brought for thy lips to touch,
O princess, well bestowed were they,
And they have profited thee much.

#### THE PANDARIDE

Not honey alone, nor only mead,
But wisdom from the Gods was mine,
O Harpy, thus I do not heed
At all those bitter scoffs of thine.

What could the Gods do more than this?
They shut their darlings in strong towers,
Athene her craft-mistresses
Made us, all Hera's boons were ours.

#### THE HARPY AND THE PANDARIDE

Yet ever in this glad estate

This was the tale we heard them tell;
Gods are we, kind and fortunate;

Death, Care, and Pain, are Gods as well.

We honour, as is just and meet,
Their rightful sway, nor dare encroach,
Though many a breaking heart entreat,
And many an upcast eye reproach.

This on our loved we may bestow
Alone, to love us still, and bear,
Even if the Erinnys rend, although
The Harpy snatch them through the air.

## THE SIREN

WITH Hope and Enterprise, else all alone, All silent in our swan-beaked skiff sat we, Seven sailors dropping down a stream unknown,

On a strange voyage towards an unknown sea.

The moon revealed her sitting on a stone, Veiled in white spray, entrancingly sang she:

'O strive no longer towards the sea unknown, My grot your goal, my kiss your guerdon be.'

She melted into air—long days have flown, Yet moveless in our moveless bark sit we, And gaze for her return, and muse and moan, And think no more upon the unknown sea.

PAULINE, my heart's heart! come and lay Wet cheek to glowing cheek, and say Some kindly thing—the last you can! To-morrow, so the sentence ran,—Thursday at six! and now the ledge Of this thick sill has lost the edge Of the spent moon that made it bright, Methinks that even now new light Is kindling somewhere far behind These ancient barriers grey and blind.

What? not a word?

Pauline, nay, if We weltered in a lonely skiff On tropic waters red and gold With sunset-fire, and sharks, made bold, Swam round, wide gaping for their prey, Should we have nothing then to say?

Might I not kiss you, dearest, lie Beside you, cloak you tenderly, Murmur out love, till on white wing Gathered the sea-birds clamouring Around two corpses?

Dreams like this,
Pauline, have made me ghastly bliss—
O so long! Well, I used to say,
What marvel? she is rich and gay,
The world goes grandly with her, all
Is gaudy and processional.
What serve I? O for half an hour
Beside her in a blazing tower!
A pestilence to wither both
Slowly, that I might mark the growth
Of Love in life's decay! to be
Alone with her in middle sea
In a subsiding boat! the stir
And reek of maddened massacre!
Pray heaven it take us in our youth!

Pauline, the dream is born a truth,
But for the bliss, alas! Look now,
Round you, and candidly avow,
Save for the breast you still reject,
What have you? Nothing! We are wrecked
On tiger-isles without a boat,

And glare and quarrel! Did we float Wan corpses down the sullen Seine, Methinks your icy hand would fain Push mine away!

What, tears, Pauline?

O dearest, now I see you mean To love me truly. In saloons You passed me as the lonely moon's Ascending light forsakes the star. But the blest axe has cleft the bar, Praise God! Our blood will, falling, soak The self-same scaffold, rising smoke To Heaven in union. Kiss me, dear; O tell me you have yet a fear, That I may soothe it! Shall I die First, to instruct you? Let us try. Suppose these chairs the plank, now lie Down, and my burning lip shall be The axe. Make ready! One—two—three— Down comes it—in a kiss! Delight! O clasp me! closer and more tight! They will not part our clay? 'Tis mad To think of it; but if I had A brother hiding, doubtless I Should yield his refuge up, to buy The rapture of commingled dust.

Well, well, Pauline, we can but trust. What on ourselves depends, we'll do. They take us on by two and two Up to the scaffold—grasp my hand, As if it were a dagger, planned For Marat's throat—let no one slip Into our fiery fellowship—Watch my head fall, spring rapidly, And shower thy ruddy life on me!

## A CITY SONG

A NIGHT of bustle and gas. I stand A lonely soul in the busy Strand— Stirring above, stirring below— Who all these people? Where do they go?

I know not; but, friends, were mine your part,

If, roaming about, you sought a heart,

A gentle heart in a gentle breast,

To cherish, and love you, and give you rest,

You would thrill and tremble with joy and pain,

You would stop, and wander, and stop again, And muse if the yearning exceed not the kiss, And if search be not sweeter than finding is.

## THE DIVER'S STORY

## THE DIVER'S STORY

TILL these grey mountains seemed a wayside heap,

And all their pluming pines a petty moss, I silently rowed onward, and did keep A steady path the mighty main across; But then I loosed my bark, and left her free To dance her own glad measure with the sea, And, plunging as a plummet plunges, stood 'Mid the sere purples of the barren wood Whose sapless boughs, in sullen beauty drest, Were never brightened by a spark of dew, Or heard a song, or cherished any nest, Or shook with any wind that ever blew.

Then as I wandered on that oozeless sand, Catching the sharp salt bubbles of the air, I heard a silver song, and saw the rare And tender form of soft Cymodoce Pressing a rock, more innocently fair

### THE DIVER'S STORY

Than feather shed by swan upon the sea,
Or moonlight sleeping fearless on the foam
Of hurrying falls. One marble-mocking hand
Upheld the golden thicket of the hair
Where one seemed lost, as with an amber
comb

It parted shell-born pearls from pearls of brine;

And, sea-blooms reddening all its deeps divine, Low at her helpless feet her mirror lay; I seized the magic toy, and made it mine, And like a shaft dismissed I sped away.

Here you may see the prize, is it not gay? Glowing with burnish of unspotted gold, Bordered with quaintest shells, and, day by day, Changeful in splendour as the waters bold Sway the rock-mantling weeds, or, backward rolled,

Leave a salt glister on the glaring bay.

But when low, broad, and heavy in the west Hangs the departing moon, and Autumn cold Moans to her moaning waters, and the crest Of every mounting wave is rimmed with gold, There sounds a somewhat from the chiding seas,

## THE DIVER'S STORY

As if they heaved around an ancient wrong, And sad laments of spirits ill at ease Murmur and mourn our boat-lined beach along;

And some day I will take the mirror down, And, rowing far from the steep-streeted town, Will hold it forth, until a whiter hand Rises to grasp it; and Cymodoce, Pleased with the late repentance of the land, Hushes the doleful music of the sea.

## PHILEMON'S DEATH

## PHILEMON'S DEATH

- MACEDON lay in arms round Athens, in Athens Philemon
- Dwelt, the poet beloved, whose years lacked one of a hundred.
- He, as he sat in his study at even, saw by the lamplight
- Figures nine, august, white-robed, passing out of the chamber.
- 'Whither and wherefore,' exclaimed he, 'Muses, forsaking your poet?'
- 'Lest,' they answered, 'staying we see the ruin of Athens.'
- 'Reach me my tablets,' he cried; the last verse of a drama unfinished
- Wrote he; from the dead hands then fell both pencil and tablets.
- Free was Athens that night, in the morning Antigonus ruled her.
- Woe and alas for the land that the Muse and the Poet abandon!

#### OUR CROCODILE

## OUR CROCODILE

Our crocodile, (Psammarathis, A priest at Ombi, told me this,) Our crocodile is good and dear, And eats a damsel once a year.

To me unworthy hath he done This favour three times—one by one Three daughters ate! I praise therefore And honour him for evermore.

Each Spring there is an exhibition Of maidens, and a competition. The baffled fair are blank and spiteful, The victor's triumph most delightful.

Three months secluded doth she dwell With the high pontiff in his cell, Due-worshipping each deity, And Venus more especially.

#### OUR CROCODILE

Then, on an island in the Nile, They take her to our crocodile, He wags his tail, the great jaws stir, And make a happy end of her.

B a bo! O you brainless child!
(My fourth, sir,) dirty, rude, and wild!
You'll break my heart! you'll ne'er be meet
For any crocodile to eat!

## ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Musest thou, gazer, what form is mine, who, eagerly bending

Forward, with hollowed hand aid the desire of the ear?

Echo the Nymph's; and, hast thou the eye of the poet, Narcissus

Stands not far, not far lures the perfidious stream.

Watching he stands with head down-drooped, as a whitening fountain

Gracefully leaving, with grace turning again to the earth.

Wan are the brow, the cheek, the lips that sundering murmur:—

'Beautiful image!' and I, 'Beautiful image!' reply.

### ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Such my doom, whose mouth is vocal with alien accents;

Blossoms so chime with the bee, so with the warbler the bough.

Hast thou a love? then call on her name, and faithfully will I

Echo thy passionate speech, utterer thus of my own.

## IN THE TRAIN.—MIDNIGHT

Swift speeds the vivid train, and throws Its jagged shadows down, Like dreams upon the deep repose Of tree, and cot, and town.

Blue soars the cloudless heaven aloft, And bluer than the sky, Bathed in dim moonlight strange and soft, The misty meadows lie.

I muse how earnestly on Aire
This gentle moon will gaze,
And how dark Chevin will be fair
And pleasant in her rays.

And in her orb so brightly meek And you fierce glow I find The image of the scenes I seek, And those I leave behind.

Fair Splendour, hasten as we will, Thy light will not remove, But I go far and further still From all I leave and love.

## THE BIRTHDAY

DECEMBER 19, 1861

(Sestine)

SLow moves the vast procession of the days; Some, black as night, or lit with gladsome sun, Well by the eye of voyager discerned Cast backward through long avenues of time; Most in dim retrospect not more divined Than one mid myriad blades in distant fields.

Yet, mid dim crowds amassed in distant fields, Some day mid myriad inconspicuous days Commingled now, ere long to be divined, With gifts, deep sunken as the Nadir's sun, Hath peradventure, parting, trusted Time To cherish till their hour to be discerned.

Day of dear promise not by me discerned, Why cam'st thou bound amid the wintry fields To briefest span of sun-illumined time, Who longest, as most loved, should'st be of days?

Haply by summer's scent and song and sun The blessing thou didst bear had been divined.

#### THE BIRTHDAY

O had heart's instinct immanent divined, Or eye's irradiating glance discerned! As spire or column, smit by shaft of sun, Flashes from far across the ample fields, Fair hadst thou sparkled mid uncheerful days, A diadem of light for wintry time.

But thou hast wended where the abyss of Time

Stores the dead hours, not more by me divined Than any of the drear unfruitful days; Till came thy child, and I in her discerned Light as of starry flowers in heavenly fields, In thee a light excelling summer's sun.

Child of mine too! by whom December's sun Quenches refulgent orbs of summer-time, And hides with roses all the wintry fields. The Past hath held thee as a hope divined; The Present clasps thee as a bliss discerned; By thee the Future gilds her promised days.

Days by the dawn of an immortal sun Discerned, by ecstasy transcending Time Divined, while yet I walk these earthly fields.

## THE BLACKBIRD

BLACKBIRD, by whom the wood shall thrill With golden song from golden bill, What tune wilt trill? what thought instil? Burden of grief or gush of glee?

Would the loud-ringing carol show That troth is froth, and passion woe; Alas! we know this long ago. Choose thou another melody.

But see where Hesper, mellow-bright, Undoth the portal of the night; More lovely sight, more glowing light, Opened of old all heaven to me.

Cometh she hitherward, more fair Than all far stars that flame in air? If joy so rare thy song declare, Sing, Blackbird, sing unceasingly.

Earth could not more, or Heaven astound, Yet peal the hopeless hope around Till the sweet sound be falsehood found.

Then die, and Music die with thee.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

THE stream was smooth as glass, we said:
'Arise and let's away;'

The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay;

And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we gaily took our way.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find the bay?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted plains,

The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy rains,

The labourer looks up to see our shallop speed away.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find the bay?

#### THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the sun, superbly large,

Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming at their marge.

The waves are bright with mirrored light as jacinths on our way.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see

The spreading river's either bank, and surging distantly

There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away.

Now shall the sandy bar be crossed, now shall we find the bay!

The seagull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight

The moonlit crest of foaming waves gleam towering through the night.

We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her lay,

When once the sandy bar is crossed, and we are in the bay.

#### THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

What rises white and awful as a shroudenfolded ghost?

What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangour on the coast?

Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every oar away.

O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this the bay?

### THE GATE

When the slow Hours the Hour Supreme have brought,

Then, of its mortal garments disarrayed,
Swift as a spark and subtle as a thought,
Flits from the clay the unencumbered shade
Unto the realm eternal, there to wait
Gazing in awe by its tremendous Gate.

That arch discrepant half on life's quicksand,
Half on the stable continent of Death
Is founded, yet doth ever firmly stand,
Daunting the phantom multitude beneath
That, refluent, cold, and bitter as a sea,
Eddies before it everlastingly.

For all is sightless gloom within the vast
Expansion, and abysmal void unknown,
And such vague horror o'er the chasm is cast
No man may dare to enter it alone,
Wherefore amid that multitude he roves,
Searching its legions for the soul he loves:—

#### THE GATE

One that shall say—Wherever thou dost go,
There go I also, if thou sufferest me,
Thy comrade, to each hap of joy or woe
Indifferent, be it only shared with thee.
Kiss but my lips and clasp in thine my hands,
And let us go where that dread portal stands.

And scarcely, 'tis affirmed, six steps or seven, With equal feet and hearts that linked pair Have made, when gloom is quenched by sudden Heaven

Flashed radiantly around them everywhere. But he who seeks no Love and craves no mate Watches for aye the unattempted gate.

Full many an erring child of want and sin, Spurned by the proud and shunned by the correct,

Strong in sweet human love, hath entered in— The Pharisees, I hear, do much object.

But how should Heaven the might of Love resist,

In whom, by whom, for whom alone it doth subsist?

# ALADDIN'S RING

A vague thrill touched my breast, whence caught

I knew not nor did heed.

I knew not, nor did heed; The next day 'twas a ripened thought, The next it was a deed.

That deed another deed begot,
That other deed a train
Of busy thoughts, delaying not
To gender deeds again.

O power of thought, Aladdin's ring! Touch only, and behold The active genii hurrying To fill the house with gold!

# RAJAH AND RYOT

STRIPPED by the tax of all his scanty pice, Ryot seeks Rajah's pity and advice: 'Your coffers store the product of my pains, And nought for your petitioner remains. Suffer him, then, whom more you cannot squeeze,

To seek some lord whose vassals live at ease, And say, to whose allegiance shall I pass?'
'Go straight,' advised the monarch, 'to Madras.'

'O sir, that land your brother's rule endures, And his financial principles are yours.'

'To Tinnevelly.' 'That your uncle sways.'
'Tanjore.' 'Your nephew's government obeys.'

'Then to the devil,' roared the king, 'repair.'
'Alas, great sire, your royal father's there.'

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### ABROAD

For ests that beard the avalanche,
Levels, empurpled slopes of vine,
Wrecks, sadly gay with flower and branch,
I love you, but you are not mine.

The sweet domestic sanctity
Fades in this fiery sun, like dew;
My Love beheld and passed you by,
My fathers shed no blood for you.

Pause, rambling clouds, while fancy fain Your white similitude doth trace To England's cliffs, so may your rain Fall blissful on your native place!

### THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST

## THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST

Twelve o'clock—a misty night—Glimpsing hints of buried light—Six years strung in an iron chain—Time I stood on the ground again!

So—by your leave! Slip, easy enough, Withered wrists from the rusty cuff. The old chain rattles, the old wood groans, O the clatter of clacking bones!

Here I am, uncoated, unhatted, Shirt all mildewed, hair all matted, Sockets that each have royally Fed the crow with a precious eye.

O for slashing Bess the brown! Where, old lass, have they earthed thee down? Sobb'st beneath a carrier's thong? Strain'st a coalman's cart along?

### THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST

Shame to foot it!—must be so. See, the mists are smitten below; Over the moorland, wide away, Moonshine pours her watery day.

There the long white-dusted track, There a crawling speck of black. The Northern mail, ha, ha! and he There on the box is Anthony.

Coachman I scared him from brown to grey, Witness he lied my blood away. Haste, Fred! haste, boy! never fail! Now or never! catch the mail!

The horses plunge, and sweating stop. Dead falls Tony, neck and crop. Nay, good guard, small profit thus, Shooting ghosts with a blunderbuss!

Crash wheel! coach over! How it rains Hampers, ladies, wigs, and canes!
O the spoil! to sack it and lock it!
But, woe is me, I have never a pocket!

# FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF

SAID Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—
'I toss alone on a forsaken tree,
It rocks and cracks with every gust that racks
Its straining bulk, say, how is it with thee?'

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—
'A heavy foot went by, an hour ago;
Crushed into clay I stain the way;
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go.'

Said Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—
'Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise;
Teach me a way to live till May
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes.'

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—
'Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath?
Fade then and fall—thou hast had all
That Life can give, ask somewhat now of Death.'

# CONSTANCE

WILLED God to make
Thee, love, a rose,
Or with thy soul
Inflame a star;
How should I quake
When winds arose,
When westering stole
The planet far!

But no wild blast
Disturbs thy heart,
Thy spirit's flame
Is bright alway,
Troth ever fast;
To-day thou art
The very same
As yesterday.

### CONSTANCE

Perennial prove
Thy blossom sweet,
Thy tender glow
Undimmed, while I
May live and love:—
Then fade and fleet,
And tell me so
'Tis time to die.

# THE LYRICAL POEM

Passion the fathomless spring, and words the precipitate waters,

Rhythm the bank that binds these to their musical bed.

# THE DIDACTIC POEM

Soulless, colourless strain, thy words are the words of wisdom.

Is not a mule a mule, bear he a burden of gold?

## THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE.

A Sultan, hearing that a steed Unmatched in beauty, strength, and breed, In furthest Asia did subsist, Fearful the purchase might be missed, Resolved his Vizier to require To wend with Hassan, faithful squire, And close the bargain there and then. At first, so scribes of credit pen, Scatheless the high commission sped In quest of the rare quadruped; Like Caesar vanquishing the East, They came, they saw, they bought the beast.

But, this achieved, with much disgust They found it still to be discussed How best to them it might befall To bring him home, or if at all, The natives of those parts excelling No less in stealing steeds than selling. Yet all went well with them the while, Till, at an inn of humble style

#### THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE

The prudent minister perceives Sheer symptoms of a den of thieves. 'Our desperate case,' decided he, 'Demands as desperate remedy: Chamber and bed we will forego (Not missing much by doing so In this vile hovel), and, of course, Sleep on the straw, beside the horse. That is to say that I shall sleep, While, Hassan, thou strict watch wilt keep. Yet, as mortality is frail, And sleep's seductions might prevail, I charge thee, lest thou idly dream, To muse on some momentous theme, Such as Philosophy revolves From age to age, nor e'er resolves:— Can it in any manner be Affirmed that two and two make three? Do geese their origin deduce From eggs? or comes the egg from goose? Rapt in these studies, 'twill be odd If thou hast any mind to nod.'

He ceased, but soon awaking cried, 'Hassan, how art thou occupied?'

'Sir,' said the man, 'I strive to find What is the colour of the wind.'

### THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE

'A meet gymnastic for thy brain.'
The Vizier thus, then slept again,
But presently was heard to call,
'Ho, Hassan, ponderest thou at all?'
I trust to Allah 'tis the fact.'

'Sir,' answered he, 'my brain is racked, Devising, if a hole immense Were dug, and earth, extracted thence, Employed to fill the monstrous main, How best to fill the hole again.'

'Good,' said the Vizier, 'there is stuff For cogitation quantum suff.,
And turned him, and contented slept,
And quiet for a season kept,
Till, stung by some uneasy dream,
Starting, he cried, 'Hast thou a theme,
Hassan, and musest thou thereon?'

'Sir,' said the man, 'the horse is gone! And now in sooth my brains I addle, Touching the bridle and the saddle, And patiently the problem probe, Whether your worship, meek as Job, Will bear them home, or I, poor elf, Shall have to carry them myself.'

## MOKANNA'S VEIL

It chanced, 'tis sung, that when upon a day The veiled Mokanna mustered his array (The seer of Allah, whose inspiring words Bared for his creed four times ten thousand swords)

A man rose up against him, and thus said, 'Prophet, undo that veil about thy head, And show us whose the face we combat for.' 'No!' thus Mokanna. Then the doubter tore

The scarf himself, and, viewing the face behind,

Exclaimed triumphant, 'See, ye fools and blind,

The ape for whom ye fight!' when, turning round,

Lo! all his comrades stretched upon the ground,

Screening their eyesight from the radiancy Intolerable!

Believe, and thou shalt see.

## THE NEW GRISELDA

- 'Who art thou, O Lady, laid under this stone?'
  - "Tis I, Patient Grissel, lie here."
- 'And lies your lord with you, or lie you alone?'
  'My Lord, sir, reposes elsewhere.'
- 'His Lordship, I'm told, was as bad as could be.'
- 'His sins were enormous, in sooth, But served to elicit a merit in me Sufficient, thank heaven, for both.
- 'I viewed them with mild and compassionate eyes,

I lived but to warn and reclaim, I loved him until his lamented demise, And wept for him after the same.

#### THE NEW GRISELDA

'No sympathy sought I, no aid in my woes, In silence my sorrow was borne,

For I cherished his fame, and I shunned to expose

His faults to the multitude's scorn.

'Earth to earth! dust to dust! Deem ye then I could deign

To cast at his coffin the stone

I had spared while he lived? could I brand and profane

The name I had linked with mine own?

'Was it mine to stand forth and securely affirm

The scandal none lived to deny?

Should I utter my charge in the ear of the Worm,

And challenge the Grave to reply?

'No! ne'er could Griselda her spirit abase
Such deeds to commit or commend.

If such a transaction should haply take place, Impute it, I beg, to my friend.'

## APOLLO IN TEMPE

When, exiled from the Olympian hall, Apollo kept thy flocks,
Admetus, all the day and all
The night-tide, plaintive, musical,
He fluted to the rocks.

In troops the attentive birds sat round,
And hungering wolves did press,
Mild with the magic of the sound,
'Mid fearless sheep, and many a browned
Shepherd and shepherdess.

Till, on a day, supernal light
Those umbrages illumes,
And dark dells kindle and grow bright
With unexpected Hermes' flight
Earthward on glowing plumes.

#### APOLLO IN TEMPE

'Brother,' he cries, 'thy penance o'er, Olympus seek again, Shine on our feasts as heretofore, Mete out the morning, and restore Thy Pythoness her strain.'

And, as the missioned god declares His grateful errand, fall Apollo's weeds, a form he bares Raying with Deity, and wears A beamy coronal.

But awe and apprehension grew
On all that pastoral throng.
'O spare us, for indeed we rue
Our rash familiarness!' 'Ye do
Immortal bosoms wrong.'

Smiling, the gentle Power replied,
'Fair children of the sods!

If godlike 'twere to stand aside
From human friendship, none but Pride
And Folly would be Gods.'

### **POLYIDUS**

- O CASTALIAN Apollo, make me musically tell
- Of thy servant Polyidus, and what fortune him befell.
- Silent in his marble dungeon, round with awful darkness closed,
- Sat the seer, the head of Glaucus, lifeless, on his knees reposed—
- Glaucus, son of Minos, Creta ruling and all Cyclades,
- Tribute-gatherer, with his navies spreading whiteness over seas.
- When the boy was lost and vanished, far and wide the father sought
- For the soothsayer most skilful—straight was Polyidus brought.
- Thoughtfully the sage ascended where the columned temple crowns

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- Gnossus' wave-worn headland, lifted high o'er seas and isles and towns,
- Saw the gull in ether, twirling shining wings with sea-baths wet,
- Saw the cormorant on the billow, on the shore the avocet,
- And one brown-plumed eagle, coming fleetly through the azure air,
- Till aloft o'er Minos' palace, then it stooped and rested there.
- 'Search these halls,' the seer commanded long they searched like men at fault;
- Polyidus grasped a taper, down he went into a vault;
- There he saw an active people, burnished body, glimmering wing,
- Bees in airy mazes blended with an ireful murmuring;
- Round a honey-cask they gathered, o'er that cask an owl had place,
- Snapping beak and clutching talons warring with the stinged race.
- Bees and owl he scared, the lidless cask explored, and then saw he
- Glaucus, sweet 'mid sweets, in sweetness dead and stifled bitterly.

#### POLYIDUS

Silent in a trance lethargic sat the miserable king,

Hearing not the warriors' weeping, not the women's cymballing:

Wild they flew with hair dishevelled, wild with faces torn they ran,

Crying: 'Woe for youthful Glaucus, dead a deedless, songless man!'

Slow at length the King awakened, royally gave he command:—

'Build a marble mausoleum, stately as in Memphian land.'

Swift his thought was overtaken, for the selfsame sun that fell

Early on the young foundation, set behind the pinnacle.

There, within an inner chamber, prisoned he both son and seer;

'Bring him back into existence, or thyself continue here.'

'King, thou doest ill, requiting good with injury.' But then

Clashed the unpersuaded portals, severing his complaint from men.

Sad the augur sat in darkness, loud and tearfully he prayed:—

- 'Lord of Delphos and of Delos, Pythian, bring thy servant aid!'
- From the wall a snake came gliding, huge and terrible and loth,
- Bronzed its scales with fire and duskness, from its jaws flowed violet froth,
- And its eyes the cell illumined. Up to Glaucus, with dire hiss,
- Crept it, round his bosom coiling. Polyidus, seeing this,
- Grasped his augur-staff, snake-twisted—two great strokes, the serpent, slain,
- Lay upon the coloured pavement with snapped spine and scattered brain.
- Lo! another snake enormous! To that slaughtered one it went,
- Licked it, writhed itself around it, hissing forth its discontent.
- Threateningly did Polyidus raise his staff, but yet his blow
- Checked the augur mild and pious, reverencing that serpent's woe;
- So the snake departed, scatheless. Suddenly it came again,
- Straining on with horrid whistlings, in its jaws a leaf was lain.

#### POLYIDUS

Round its lifeless mate it twisted, laid the chewed leaf upon it—

Straight the outpoured brain was gathered, straight the sundered spine reknit.

'Live with giant wreaths resplendent, making all the vault to shine,

Rose that formidable dragon. 'Phœbus, the portent is thine,'

Cried the sage, and, forward bending, half despair and half belief,

Touched the lifeless youth's pale forehead with the serpent-given leaf.

Lo, the rigid nostril quivered, warmly ran each thawing vein,

Light the unglazing eye environed—Glaucus stirred and spoke again.

Talents ten of gold, of silver vases ten, a lovely slave

Bearing each, Sidonian curtains, Libyan fleeces, Minos gave

To the augur, for his guerdon. Thus returned he to his friends,

Blithe in triumph, rich and honoured. Such the boons Apollo sends.

## THE NIX

THE crafty Nix, more false than fair, Whose haunt in arrowy Iser lies, She envied me my golden hair, She envied me my azure eyes.

The moon with silvery ciphers traced
The leaves, and on the waters played;
She rose, her arms my form embraced,
She said: 'Come down with me, fair maid.'

She led me to her crystal grot,
She set me in her coral chair,
She waved her wand, and I had not
Or azure eyes or golden hair.

Her locks of jet, her eyes of flame
Were mine, and hers my semblance fair:
'O make me, Nix, again the same,
O give me back my golden hair!'

She smiles in scorn, she disappears,
And here I sit and see no sun;
My eyes of fire are quenched in tears,
And all my darksome locks undone.

## MIORA

# (ROUMANIAN)

- 'Miora, dearest lamb of mine,
  Why wilt thou starve thyself and pine?
  These three long days thou dost not eat
  Or juicy grass or clover sweet.'
- 'Tis that thy friends, for greed and spite, Intend to murder thee this night, Dear master. O then fly away Into the wood.' 'Miora, nay.
- 'But charge thou them to lay me by This wattled fold, where I may lie And hear my bleating lambs deplore, And true dogs barking evermore.
- 'And on my grassy grave be laid
  The three fair flutes myself have made
  Of linden-wood, whose tones prevail
  Against the lark and nightingale.

#### MIORA

- 'In the sweet hollow flutes at eve The wind melodiously will grieve, And all my lambs will hear and think Of him who gave them food and drink.
- 'But if my mother come this way, Seeking for me, then must thou say, To a far country did he fare, And wed a monarch's daughter there.'

### VIOLETS

COLD blows the wind against the hill,
And cold upon the plain;
I sit me by the bank, until
The violets come again.

Here sat we when the grass was set With violets shining through, And leafing branches spread a net To hold a sky of blue.

The trumpet clamoured from the plain, The cannon rent the sky; I cried, O Love, come back again Before the violets die!

But they are dead upon the hill, And he upon the plain; I sit me by the bank, until My violets come again.

### BEAUTY

CHERISHING Beauty, deep in thy heart of hearts

Folding her, Artist, call her not, dream her not

Thine. Are the sweet cold fires of moon-light

Lulled in a single lakelet's bosom?

Calm they glide with the river, the cataract Hurls down light with its thunder, the fisherman

Wakes new glory on ocean, lifting Silvered nets and a gleaming burden.

## FORTH TO THE WOODS

FORTH to the woods I bent my way
To delve a grave for Grief,
As, banner of the brighter day,
Spring waved her silken leaf.

But not on bank, or in the brake, Where sunlight fell, or shade, Found I who would my sorrow take, Or where she might be laid.

Now garbs of Spring make Winter's mirth As fast the sere leaves flee, And Grief hath room on all the earth; Yet dwells she still with me.

## MUSIC

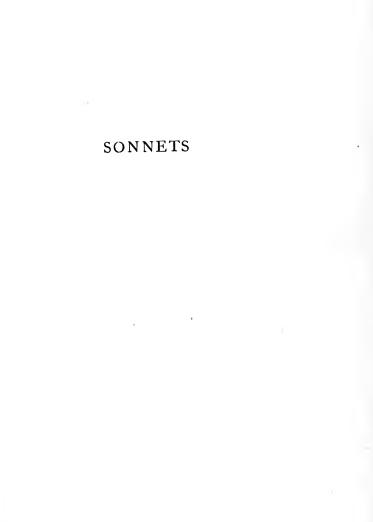
Soft as a flash of summer light,
A thrill of music sweet
Breathed somewhat in the ear of Night,
And died along the street.

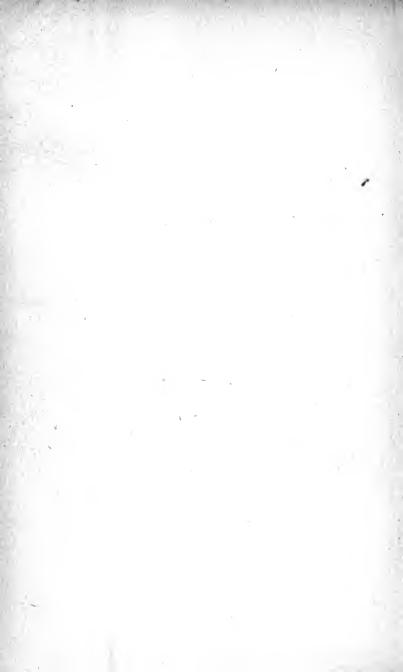
Grey Night, it said, from amorous tongue, From minstrel, and from bird, Since first thy heaven with stars was hung What carols thou hast heard!

If only we could call the ghost Of each forgotten strain! If all the silver-sounding host Made melody again!

If every song whose magic made
Yon stars more deeply burn,
Then fled and withered like a shade,
Could like a shade return!

I who would bid the Lovely stay,
I who would bind the Fair;
Even as I plead I pass away,
And go I know not where.





#### TO DANTE

'Poet, whose unscarred feet have trodden Hell,

By what grim path and red environing
Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep
bring

And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell
Of darkness where perpetually dwell
The spirits cursed beyond imagining?
Or else is thine a visionary wing,

And all thy terror but a tale to tell?'
'Neither and both, thou seeker! I have been

No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,

Close masked in an impenetrable screen,
Which having rent I gaze around, and
know

What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen, Curtain the soul that strives and sins below.'

#### AGE

I WILL not rail, or grieve when torpid eld Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see

The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree, The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.

Methinks the aged eye that first beheld

The fitful ravage of December wild, Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's

Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,

Seeing the common doom, that all compelled. No kindred we to her beloved broods,

If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;

But one path travel all her multitudes,

And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith:

'Sun to thy setting; to your autumn, woods; Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy death!'

# ON REVISITING LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

The triple spire springs heavenward as of old;
The bordering limes stand touched by no
decay

Save Autumn's; still the gathered people pray;

And ancient chants through ancient aisles are rolled.

Yet hath not Time even here, his wings to fold,

Paused; the hoar fane is full of yesterday; New blazonries dye sunlight; new array Of kings and saints the storied niches hold.

Pilgrim, that hither stealest to behold

The spot of thy departure on Life's way, Clings a like garland to thy temples grey?

Is a like record of thy travel told?

Rich in the new, nor rifled of the old, Seek'st thou these precincts fortunate as they?

Sept. 23, 1887.

### SHADOWS BEFORE

What vague enchantment fascinates my breast?

What lure unseen decoys my steps along? What spell of utterance faint, of influence strong,

Persuades the soul to some sublimer quest?

By what new rapture shall she be possest?

Ennobled how amid the human throng?

Darling of Fortune? minister of Song?

Or in Love's arms more exquisitely blest?

Not with the augur's science have I spied

To scan what this fair mystery may mean:

Knowing what Spirit alway at my side Hath stood through various life's disordered scene,

Meekly I follow that divinest Guide, Led by his hand as I have ever been.

### THE SANDS OF TIME

CAMEST thou from the desert or the sea, Slow-raining sand, whose lapse of gleaming brown

Stealeth the glassy horologe adown,
Arraying Time with visibility?
Helpmate in either hath he had in thee,
Tombing the pride of temple or of town,
Or withering with salt waste the herbless
down,

As willed the varying wind's inconstancy.
Thou, joyless load on earth for ever laid,
Yet plaything of all breezes as they pass,
Recordest here what thou depictest well:—

The thing like thee of streaming atoms made, Singly a nothing, measureless in mass, Mutation all, and yet unalterable!

### TO AMERICA

# AFTER READING SOME UNGENEROUS CRITICISMS

What though thy Muse the singer's art essay

With lip now over-loud, now over-low?
'Tis but the augury that makes her so
Of the high things she hath in charge to say.
How shall the giantess of gold and clay,
Girt with two oceans, crowned with Arctic

art with two oceans, crowned with Arc

Sandalled with shining seas of Mexico,
Be pared to trim proportion in a day?
Thou art too great! Thy million-billowed
surge

Of life bewilders speech, as shoreless sea
Confounds the ranging eye from verge toverge
With mazy strife or smooth immensity.
Not soon or easily shall thence emerge
A Homer or a Shakespeare worthy thee.

### GARIBALDI'S RETIREMENT

Nor that three armies thou didst overthrow, Not that three cities oped their gates to thee,

I praise thee, Chief, not for this royalty Decked with new crowns, that utterly laid low: For nothing of all thou didst forsake to go

And tend thy vines amid the Etrurian Sea, Not even that thou didst *this*—though history

Retread two thousand selfish years to show Another Cincinnatus! Rather for this, The having lived such life, that even this

deed

Of stress heroic natural seems as is Calm night, when glorious day it doth succeed;

And we, forewarned by surest auguries,

The amazing act with no amazement read.

### BISMARCK AND MOLTKE

FIRE falters yet in the fatigued eyes:

And now the slow blood stirs with sudden leap,

And angry thunder daunts the spies that peep

Exploring if the Lion lives or dies.

But cold upon the sand his fellow lies,

The far-flung shadow of whose dawnless sleep

The many-nationed world doth overcreep; Not solely where Rhine's torrent seaward hies.

Day darkens, and uneasy Night must wake 'Neath her blue vault, new sown with

Neath her blue vault, new sown with baleful stars,

And chains of Slav and Gaul spontaneous shake;

As anciently at birth of Latin wars,
Eager their appetite for blood to slake,
Rome's weapons rattled in the fane of Mars.

April, 1891.

## BUNYAN AND SPINOZA

[AFTER DR. JOWETT'S SERMON]

TOGETHER, Prophets, have ye trodden earth,
Happy that neither might the other know:
Else what so huge as the Homeric flow
Of the great Hebrew's rich compassionate
mirth

At the great Tinker's frenzy? save the dearth Of Bunyan's charity for Heaven's foe, Spilth of the Patmian's seven-vialled woe,

A living death! an inauspicious birth!

Now are the souls wrought of such diverse woof,

Twin sons and saints of God acknowledged, each

Straight in his love and in his scorn awry. Truer, be sure, is Verity's own speech Affirmative, than thunder of reproof; Truest, if listening Love stand smiling by. 1893.

## AN OLD PERUVIAN BOOK

PRINTED AT A MISSION STATION IN THE ANDES, 1612

BOUGHT BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Screened in the shadows Cordilleras fling, Where straining breast scarce breathes, and straining eye

Sees nought 'twixt lifted sight and silent sky

Save the huge Condor hung on heavy wing:— Small skill, great love, there made me, light to bring

Where, sunk beneath the mountain far as I Had birth aloft, the Indian's misery Plied toil unblest for Europe's profiting. The silver that his labour sunward drew Now buys me, haply, in this foreign mart

Where Love and Skill and Labour bartered are,

And it and I have interchanged our part:

Homeward it journeys to remote Peru,

Leaving me here beneath the Northern Star.

## A DOUBTFUL PROSPECT

Is then the haven of my heart so near?

Or doth illusive fancy bid me mark

The cot embowered beside the ample park,

To me by triple pledge made triply dear?

September's scale suspends the waning year;

With mists the heights are grey, the valleys dark;

The shrouded sun seems shrunken to a spark;

And distances in dimness disappear.

Nor am I rightly ware what eyes survey,
Not of this region a familiar;

Yet with the eye the heart hath taken way,
Both overbrimmed; and blessing from afar
I call, and to the dubious inmates say,
Be ye most fortunate, whoe'er ye are!

## JOY

Joy is there made for all, transparent tide
Of earth-embathing air, sun's general light,
Sea, legioned stars, fields variously bright,
And in a common country common pride:
And joy to human multitudes denied,
But solitary meed of soul of might,
Pacing in lone content the silent height,
Save by his own thought unaccompanied:
Joy, too, not made for many or for one;
Flashing, as when the flying iron rings
Sharp on smit stone beside the paven way,
As Love to Love in exultation springs:
As fades the star of morn in morning's sun,
All rosiest rapture to such joy is grey.

#### SEA-PAGEANTRY

### SEA-PAGEANTRY

Not now doth Triton blow his wreathed horn, Reining his dolphin steed in mounting tide; Not now, emergent Nereids beside, In pearly car is Amphitrite borne; Sea moans of ancient pageant all forlorn; Winds, clouds, and fowls of ocean companied Solely her recent severed from my side, Bleeding with bonds of tenderness uptorn. Methinks antique Poseidon and his train Of scaly seeming, were terrene at heart, From cove and bight irresolute to stray; And now that man hath sounded every main, In fear and jealousy they move apart, Perceiving he hath grown more great than

they.

#### THE TAPER

This little light is not a little sign
Of duteous service innocent of blame,
Contented with obscurity till came
Mandate that as a star her beam should shine.
On sickness did she wait, or scribe, or shrine,
The law of her beneficence the same,
Somewhat to sunder from her fragile frame,
Something of her own being to resign.
So wasted now, that, let the lustre be
Resummoned but once more, the fuel dies;
Yet virtues six adorn her brevity,
Singly too seldom met of mortal eyes;
Discretion, faithfulness, frugality,
Purity, vigilance, self-sacrifice.

### SONGS OF SION

My harp upon the willows is not hung;
Else had I anguish, dreading to forget
The melody that soundeth sweetly yet,
Albeit in idle hearing idly sung.
Soul, if thou skillest aught of Sion's tongue,
The more thou chide at Babylon's vain fret,
The more thou Salem's strain must rebeget,
For Sion lives where Sion's lyre is strung.
To willowed brook or transitory breeze
Trust nothing; not on such impends the
weight
Of duty on thyself divinely bound;
Thy Mother's source of old thy bullships

Thy Mother's songs, of old thy lullabies,
Not only to revere but renovate,
Not only to remember but resound.

### THE SONNET-CONCERT

Sonnet, not darling of one Muse alone,
Not to a single art did Art enchain
Thee, miniature of Poetry's domain;
Song, Dance, and Music woo thee for their
own.

First is the majesty of Music shown,
Reverberate in resonant quatrain,
In fourfold note reduplicate again
Repeated by rebounding antiphone.
These fail, and sudden, paired or tripleted,
Dance forward sisters six, each, fleeting by,
With warbling lip the arrested strain
prolongs,

Giving to sight the viewless melody In poetry of motion shaped and sped By poetry of rhythms and of songs.

### CAMOENS IN BANISHMENT

# [ELEGIA III.]

TAGUS, afloat between whose noble shores Swim the proud barks for Indian seas designed,

Moving with motion of the gentle wind, Or showering crystal drops from cleaving oars; Say, is there one among the band deplores

The glorious peril Destiny assigned
To plough the lonely azure unconfined,
Parting the bitter flood that ocean pours?
I, too, whom links of bondage here constrain,
In like resolved mood would wend with thee,
Bound for Love's deep so sunny and so
drear:

But, since the body cannot now be free, Abandon it, bright River, to its chain, And speed the soul, incarnate in my tear.

# TORCHES OF LOVE AND DEATH

To him, who symbol of his empire shows

By the inverted brand's declining flame,

Love, spent with wayfaring, in twilight

came,

And said, I weary, and would taste repose.

Do thou, whose vigilant eye must never close, Governing thy viewless shafts' incessant aim,

Guard me, and from thy brother's realm reclaim

When bathed in orient light my planet throes. And so it was, Love slumbered and arose,

But, parting, bore his comrade's torch away; Soon in Death's numbing hand his own expired:

Now earth is empty of his joys and woes, And in her sages' lore, and poets' lay, Sweet Love is disesteemed, and Death desired.

### THE SIREN

Young moon and firstling star and rising tide
Gave Sirens being; for a spell had sway
In music of the many-tinted bay,
And eve's horizon doubtfully espied,
Sea's spirit from sea's body to divide,
And shape a tender form from snowy spray,
Luring with melody of magic lay
Enchanted lover to enamoured bride.
Enticing distance swallowed up in night,
And silver cadences made roaring noise,
Legend begot in human soul anew.
Men said, The Siren's arms have strangling
might,
Her kiss consumes, her song to death decoys,
And bones of youths devoured her cave

bestrew.

# THE WORLD AND THE SEA

THE mighty world is like the mighty surge;

Billow on billow rises and retreats,
Yet each the others' countenance repeats,
Or doth in magnitude alone diverge.
The caverned Siren tarries to emerge;
Past unattempted shores the seaman fleets;
The timorous sail in shallows tacks and beats;
The sail adventurous lessens to the verge.
'Tis wreck, if any drift of worth be spied;
If aught of verdure, 'tis but drift of weed,
Disrooted in the ocean's stormy whirl.
Three blissful fare the barrenness beside;

### THE STAR OF LOVE

STAR, whose fair light doth more and more excel

As light grows dimmer; but at birth of sun,

O'ertaken by the flame thou didst forerun, Fadest as things obscure grow visible:

Men call thee Star of Love, and name thee well,

Thinking on tenderness of Love begun 'Neath throbbing Hesper, or in dawn undone

At beckoning Phosphor's sign inexorable. And light of Love is like the light of thee, Paired not with peer among the immortal host,

Or partner with a less transcendent flame; Brightest when all around him darkens most; Throned o'er the land and bosomed in the sea,

For from Sea's bosom anciently he came.

### BREVITY

Windows in heaven, lakes of transparency;
Eve's waning hour, of light not all undrest;
The distant river's mimicry of rest;
Gleams for a moment given to the sea;
The passing face that snares thee innocently;
Unbidden tears; proud sob with pride represt;

Unlooked for look of Love; these bring

Savoury with the salt of brevity.

Briefness of life doth life to Life endear;

One mortal heart for all the Gods hath room;

Restriction moulds and rolls the suns aright, By circumscription of compacted sphere Welding to orbs that kindle and illume, The beamless dust of spaces infinite.

### **ENDYMION**

HE slept on Latmian pinnacle upraised
'Neath amethystine skies uncrost by cloud;
No ripple rose on sea; no blade was bowed;
Sole in the purple void Love's sapphire blazed.
Selene came, stooped, rose; he woke amazed
In Moonland's fiery silence, where nor loud
Or low breathes hovering wind, or billows
crowd

Booming from beds of oceans long erased. The sun with undeflected arrow seared
The flameless crater's swart and torrid wall;
The silver raiment shrouded Earth afar:
Yet nought Endymion's spirit could appal;
For nought beheld he in that desert weird
Save Dian's eyes, more sweet than moon
or star.

### DIAN'S WAYS

BLEST who unwinds the woodland's sunny maze

Dappled with lights and glooms diversified, Where beams in creviced leafage sport and glide,

Turning transparent green to tender blaze. But suddenly the covert shakes and sways,

And swift through crashing boughs the deer hath hied,

Shunning her shaft whose eye of startled pride

Launches the brighter bolt that speedier slays. Her dart the deer, her mood ungentle stays Suit that the smitten spirit should have

sighed,

If Body found but tongue to plead or praise, Or Soul saw not that Suit must be denied.

Whence then, chaste votary of Dian's ways, This little faun that trippeth at thy side?

# WRITTEN IN MILES'S 'POETS OF THE CENTURY'

I saw the youthful singers of my day

To sound of lutes and lyres in morning hours

Trampling with eager feet the teeming flowers,

Bound for Fame's temple upon Music's way: A happy band, a folk of holiday:

But some lay down and slept among the bowers;

Some turned aside to fanes of alien Powers; Some Death took by the hand and led away. Now gathering twilight clouds the land with grey,

Yet, where last light is lit, last pilgrims go, Outlined in gliding shade by dying glow, And fain with weary fortitude essay

The last ascent. The end is hid, but they Who follow on my step shall surely know.







Lines on the royal marriage July 6, 1893

FAINT with the weary way
Of nine long decades travelled since her prime,
The ancient Century grey
Looks backward to survey
Her record on the unfolded scroll of Time.

Such battle-music's beat
Ne'er rang around a new, defenceless birth,
Since sword and shield did meet
Clashing where caves of Crete
Concealed the infant Lord of heaven and earth.

And still, as she did grow,
Loud and more loud the warrior din became.
Red ran Rhine, Danube, Po;
Vast Russia's sheet of snow
Crimsoned with smoking blood and surging flame.

What gush of golden morn
Purges Earth's purple blot and lurid hue?
Meek in the bowing corn,
Glad in the grape reborn,
The dead arise to mantle her anew.

Scornful of shattered yoke,

Swift Commerce speeds where Plenty's way
hath lain.

Strength to the hammer's stroke!

Hail to the heart of oak

Charged with the floating treasure of the main!

What new unlooked-for page
Turns sudden in the book of Destiny?
What spell of seer or mage,
Thou wan expiring age,
E'er summoned up a Power like theirs who bend to thee?

Behold yon vapoury sign
Of fire and flood's inimical embrace.
The jarring powers combine,
The fleeing strength confine,
Then laugh at dwindled Time and shrivelled
Space.

As yawns the riven hill,
As force elastic whirls the train along,
A swifter Spirit still
Stands waiting on thy will,
And Steam is now man's arm, and Lightning
now his tongue.

Hail! Powers divinely lent
As magic mail for mortal denizen;
Not plaything or portent,
But Wisdom's instrument
Wide lands to weld in one, and fashion Man from men.

As in old days divine

Ere all Night's arch to glowing stars was given,

A space was left to shine

For prince and heroine

Exalted at Jove's beck, and planted in his heaven.

So, though some vein that ran
With human life in every floweret smiles.
For westward-wending man
Remains the prairie's span,
And sea's uncounted multitude of isles.

O ye by brains and hearts

Elected shapers of the coming State,

Not mines alone, nor marts,

But let laws, manners, arts,

Approve ye Fortune's friends, and worthy of

your fate!

And thou who glidest by
With step unstayed, departing Century;
Lives no divining eye
The issue to descry
Of this great stream whose fount arose in thee?

Not studious lamp, or blaze
Of altar deep Futurity illume;
Nor doth the golden maze
Of winding starry ways
Throb with the secret of the coming doom.

Yet Heaven's allotment dread
Haply may be by gentlest signs foreshown;
As by each herb we tread
Some riddle may be read,
And somewhat of Earth's mystery be known.

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Be then the maiden's brow
With scented wreaths of southern blossom
crowned,
And let the bridal vow,
Serenely said, and low,
Be heard, though nations' plaudits peal around.

Be homes of men to-night
With glowing globes and flaming cressets gay.
And be men's memories bright
With the auguster light
That streams from fifty years of stainless sway.

Frail though these omens be
As the sea-rainbow flying with the foam;
Yet part in peace and glee
Thou fading Century;
The bow is in the cloud, thou bear'st a promise home.

#### LINES AT BOSCOMBE

So, Florence, you have shown to me All your wild region by the sea; The pines, mysterious to us both, Distorted with a sidelong growth Of boughs irregularly spread, And rough trunks ivy-garlanded; The pathways indistinct and brief Littered with droppings of the leaf; The bents' precarious and scant Life on the mounds extravagant Of sand towards the abysmal sea Crumbling for ever silently; The rain-worn gully; the embrowned Curve, sweeping half the horizon round, Of low beach smooth to the content Of the caressing element; The glad waves' unconstrained advance, And simultaneous resonance,

#### LINES AT BOSCOMBE

And silvery flash, the roving skiff, And Bournemouth's pier, and Swanage cliff, Dulling its line of keenest white In the warm prevalence of light; And now we sit, you smile, I sigh; What think we, Florence, you and I?

This vision to my fancy brought Another, Florence, I have thought Of a remote, more azure sea, Ship-bringer unto Italy: Not where the sullied wave reflects The smoke Vesuvius ejects, Or ripplings wreathe their radiant smiles Under Ligurian campaniles, Or where the classic waters bring Music around the ruining Of the lost Baiae they inter Blithely, or are the theatre Where marvelling Messina sees Morgana's airy witcheries: But where forlorner floods have placed Salt lips against the Pisan waste Of sand the dry sirocco has Heaped lavishly, and reeds and grass Fed by lagoons and swampy chains Of ponds, where sole the heron reigns,

#### LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Till wroth and dissonant he goes,
Scared by the charging buffaloes,
Yet almost everywhere you see
The violet's blue fragility
Nestling her little store of sweet
'Mid the stained sheddings at the feet
Of the old pine-trees that appear
As universal there as here.

What welds the subtle link between The English and the Tuscan scene? Not merely their accordant mood Of independent solitude; Not only that the eye might scan, Ranging the realm Etrurian, In pine, and knoll, and sand, and sea, Almost this region's mimicry; But that one Spirit doth efface The differences of either place, Making of each the same obscure Ground of one radiant portraiture— That soul of planetary birth, Tempered for some more prosperous Earth Haply by error or by guile Rapt from the star most volatile That speeds with fleet and fieriest might Next to the kernel of all light,

#### LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Fallen unwelcome, unaware On this low world of want and care, Mistake, misfortune, and misdeed, Passion and pang, where not indeed Ever might envious dæmon quell The ardour indestructible: The mood scarce human or divine, Angelic half, half infantine; The intense unearthly quivering Of rapture or of suffering; The lyre, now thrilling wild and high, Now stately as the symphony That times the solemn periods, Comings and goings of the Gods, And smitten with as free a hand As if the plectrum were a wand Gifted with magic to unbar The silver gate of every star: And truly, Shelley thine were strains Tuned for thy spirit's old domains, Breathed less intelligibly for The duller earthly auditor.

Yes, Shelley loved the forests dim By Pisa's coast, here they love him! Italian shades could only give A refuge to the fugitive,

#### LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Whom these retreats, where never came His wandering foot, and with his name Only fortuitously blent, Own as their boast and ornament:-These woods, dark borderers of the wave From Percy's shrine to Mary's grave, Whose sombre and perennial woof Screens from the spray the cheerful roof O'er high saloons and galleries spread, The relic-chambers of the dead. There, Florence, like a daisy's bloom Fair on some old heroic tomb In modesty and ignorance, The sweetness of your sunny glance Descries, untutored to discern, The secret of the silver urn Shrining the ashes chill and grev Of the rich heart that glowed alway, The shredded locks—all trifles else Where worth Affection only tells | With her still count—of all the most, Those drops from the heart's innermost Shed on the scrawled and blotted page, Which when at last its spells engage The free enthusiastic mood And poetry of maidenhood-

#### LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Then shall not even this meaner chant Be ineffectual ministrant
To wing the spirit, taught its strength With aspiration, till at length
Another look shall occupy
The brown arena of the eye
Fixed on me now with half distress
And wonder at my pensiveness.

1860.

## WITH AN INDIAN LAMP

LAMP, fitly rendered at her shrine Whose soul so oft hath lighted mine, I would Aladdin's spell were thine. Not that thou shouldst enact the part Alluring to the vulgar heart; Raise in an hour a sumptuous dome For her who seeks a simple home; Heap gold unwelcome on the spot Where only it is valued not; Deck with the grace of pearl and gem The grace that hath no need of them; But by thy power that bridged might be The weltering waste of weary sea, O'erleapt the desert's searing space; That instantaneous thou might'st place The wanderer frail where Ganges laves The palm whose fellowship she craves; And when her foot forgot to roam, O better far! might'st bear her home.

#### WITH AN INDIAN LAMP

Yet, though the Efreet now no more Speed at thy bidding as of yore, Spirit more exquisite may be Swayed by a subtler sorcery. When the fierce days desired decline Kindles thy brilliance vespertine, And the pure beam, thy quivering soul, Simple yet ample, floods her scroll, Tell her who keep remote and fain Vigil beside the flickering twain Of Earth's dim lamps that dimmest be; Fond Hope and pallid Memory.

#### A WELCOME

Whose bark from Baltic isles to ours
Do friendly breezes bring?
'Tis hers, companion of the flowers,
Forerunner of the spring.
On our soil her foot is set
With the firstling violet,
'Mid happy trees displaying
Themselves in new arraying.

Spring's bird, that with adventurous flights
Thy ocean way dost trace,
Mark where the herald footstep lights,
And follow to the place.
Through our isle's fair compass be
Made the merry melody
Of sky and air repeating
The gladness of our greeting.
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#### A WELCOME

All hail! fair stranger, gentle bride,
Before whose face this day
A mourning robe is cast aside,
A cloud is rolled away.
Come with birds and blossoms bright,
Genial warmth and lengthening light,
And round thy path assemble
All things thou dost resemble!

Feb. 1863.

## MEMORIAL VERSES

1

FOR A BRASS PLACED IN SHELLEY'S BIRTH-CHAMBER.

Shrine of the dawning speech and thought Of Shelley, sacred be To all who bow where Time has brought Gifts to Eternity.

H

FOR A MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD
OF ISANDHLANA

STAND proud and sad, memorial Urn,
To bid him know who draweth near,
Triumph did ne'er more honour earn
Than dark Disaster gathered here.

#### III

## ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892

Would'st know my place and stature among men?

Answered be thou as he who asks of Wren,
And reads engraven on the hallowed ground,
'Seeker, thou needest but to look around.'
Thou, though with sight discomfited, survey
The various vision of Victoria's day;
New thoughts, new arts, new laws, new lore
behold,

Yet the same mind indwelling as of old; All in my song's vast harmony embraced, The new enthroned, nor yet the old displaced; Fields to thy view by hosts contending trod Calm unto mine as to the eye of God: Set then my soul that spacious scene beside, And by its measure mine be certified: I through the Spirit of that world alone, He through me only truly to be known.

#### MEMORIAL VERSES

IV

# FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE 'ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS'

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

If old Experience stand on Flaccus' side,
Lending his lore new warrant day by day,
Let Clio's page for mine be cast aside,
For I can show what she can only say.

v

#### AN EPITAPH

Death's due demanded and Life's task achieved, I greet the home I sought not nor did shun: Thankful for the great good I have received, More thankful for the little I have done.



Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable Printers to Her Majesty



#### By the same Author.

#### THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

To be obtained of ELKIN MATHEWS and JOHN LANE. Price 3s. 6d. net.

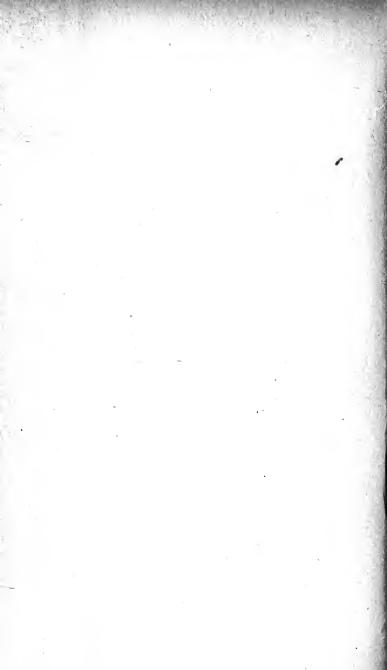
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# List of Books

in

# Belles Lettres



ALL BOOKS IN THIS CATALOGUE ARE PUBLISHED AT NET PRICES

1893

Telegraphic Address—
'BODLEIAN, LONDON'

'A WORD must be said for the manner in which the publishers have produced the volume (i.e. "The Earth Fiend"), a sumptuous folio, printed by Constable, the etchings on Japanese paper by Mr. Goulding. The volume should add not only to Mr. Strang's fame but to that of Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, who are rapidly gaining distinction for their beautiful editions of belles-lettres.'—Daily Chronicle, Sept. 24, 1892.

Referring to MR. LE GALLIENNE'S 'English Poems' and 'Silhouettes' by MR. ARTHUR SYMONS:—'We only refer to them now to note a fact which they illustrate, and which we have been observing of late, namely, the recovery to a certain extent of good taste in the matter of printing and binding books. These two books, which are turned out by MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE, are models of artistic publishing, and yet they are simplicity itself. The books with their excellent printing and their very simplicity make a harmony which is satisfying to the artistic sense.'—Sunday Sun, Oct. 2, 1802.

'MR. LE GALLIENNE is a fortunate young gentleman. I don't know by what legerdemain he and his publishers work, but here, in an age as stony to poetry as the ages of Chatterton and Richard Savage, we find the full edition of his book sold before publication. How is it done, Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane? for, without depreciating Mr. Le Gallienne's sweetness and charm, I doubt that the marvel would have been wrought under another publisher. These publishers, indeed, produce books so delightfully that it must give an added pleasure to the hoarding of first editions.'—Katharine Tynan in *The Irish Daily Independent*.

To Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane almost more than to any other, we take it, are the thanks of the grateful singer especially due; for it is they who have managed, by means of limited editions and charming workmanship, to impress bookbuyers with the belief that a volume may have an æsthetic and commercial value. They have made it possible to speculate in the latest discovered poet, as in a new company—with the difference that an operation in the former can be done with three half-crowns.'

St James's Gazette.

# List of Books

IN

### RELLES LETTRES

(Including some Transfers)

PUBLISHED BY

# Elkin Mathews and John Lane The Bodley Head

VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

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